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Southwell (S. M.)

THE ISLAND OF MARYVILLA

OR

WHITE WINS.

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A BURLESQUE

IN ONE ACT,

BY

EDMUND M. SOUTHWELL.


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PRICE SIXPENCE.

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PRIVATELY PRINTED.

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 This Burlesque is written specially for the Bridgnorth  
Amateur Dramatic Society.

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THE  
ISLAND OF COCOATINA.

OR WHITE WINS.

A BURLESQUE BY EDMUND M. SOUTHWELL.

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SCENE       -       -       -       THE ISLAND OF COCOATINA

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**Dramatis Personæ.**

COCOANIB	(Hereditary Chief of the Cocoatines)	E. W. HASLEWOOD.
CHOCOLATE	(His Son and Heir)	A. BETHELL.
GUAVA JELLY	(Prince of Caraccas)	H. B. SOUTHWELL.
PONGO PACHA	{ (Prince of Maryvilla, and President of the National Anti-matrimonial Associa- tion of Cocoatina) }	M. S. SKEFFINGTON.
MUNGO PACHA	{ (A Prominent Member of the Association) }	W. WESTCOTT.
PICALILI	(A Travelling Showman)	E. M. SOUTHWELL.
CHUTNEE	(A Notary)	T. H. DEIGHTON.
CAP'N JOHN BLUFF	(A British Tar)	C. A. HASLEWOOD.
EMMA	(Cap'n John's Better Half)	R. F. HASLEWOOD.
CAYENNA	(Princess of Caraccas)	J. GRAY.

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TIME       -       -       -       -       Purely Optional.

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*First Performed with the above Cast by the Bridgnorth Amateur  
Dramatic Society, January, 1878.*

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PRIVATELY PRINTED.





# THE ISLAND OF COCOATINA, OR WHITE WINS.

**CURTAIN RISES.**—*A Pleasure Fair is in Progress. Tho whole of the Dramatis Personæ discovered except JACK and EMMA and CHOCOLATE.*

CHORUS. *All.* AD. LIB.

**PICALILI.** *(At door of Show.)*  
Walk up, walk up, walk up, walk up, walk up !  
Come gents walk up—we're just about to show ;  
Raised seats price tup'pence—Penny down below,  
Don't stand a starin', Come and go a flutter,  
Just added Mr. Gladstone as the great wood-cutter,  
A right good fella'.

**MUNGO.** *Feller ?* What of trees ?

**PICALILI.** Not bad for you, but no more jabber please ;  
In these 'ere wax-works I am proud to say,  
We've all the big wigs of the present day :  
'There's Bobby Lowe on a velocipede,  
And Mr. Gale a walkin' at top speed ;  
'There's Webb a swimmin' Cavill cross the Channel,  
And Stafford Northcote shaking hands with Parnell ;  
Kenealy tremblin' for his next election,  
And Stoke electors plottin' his rejection ;  
A School of Cookery, a modern ruse,  
To frenchify our honest English stews,  
To cook our beef and mutton contrary to natur',  
And go disguisin' even a potatur' ;  
A model's here of Cleopatra's needle,  
And also of the Colorado Beetle ;  
The Claimant's in the catalogue, but not on view,  
He's gone to be reduced a stone or two ;  
We've all the gents I've mentioned, and a'many  
I ain't 'ad time to dwell on—Price a penny,  
Walk up, walk up, walk up, walk up, walk up.

*Beats drum—Chorus repeated—Exeunt omnes into Show, except*  
COCOANIB.

**COCOANIB.** Ah ! there they go—I've seen them every year,  
They ain't much altered, but to me its queer  
If Gladstone's model just ten years ago,  
Were'nt dressed as Cæsar—and in Bobby Lowe,  
I recognize a quondam Romeo.  
To my old eyes it all seems very silly,  
But then it pays that rascal Picalili.

*Gen. Rev. 24 Dec 48, Spencer*

*Enter CHOCOLATE with skipping rope.*

(*log*) Hulloa old boy, just treat us to the show.  
 COCOA. My boy, you know there's nothing riles me so,  
 As these irrevelant allusions to my age.

CHOCOLATE Don't cut up rough, but listen !  
 (*dramatically*) All the world's a stage,  
 Composed of He's and She's—Some rare old stayers  
 Who have their entrance—as regards their exit,  
 They hang on such a time, no one expects it.  
 Their acts are seven ages—Babies first,  
 Who scream all day, and all night must be nursed  
 By fond Papa's—"Now did'ums hurt 'um, did he,  
 Now don't um'cry, um was a chickabiddy."  
 Next come the schoolboys, in these days I'm glad  
 They know how *not* to spoil them, though the rod is  
 spared.  
 And next the lover, as a general rule  
 Of all the lot by far the biggest fool,  
 You'll twig him easily ; of love the fruits,  
 Assume the form of extra gloves, new suits,  
 Cloth tops to boots, a get-up most extensive,  
 Composed of all that's useless and expensive :  
 And next the soldier, whom I may as well  
 From my *Shakes-pear-ienee* liken to Zazel,  
 Who seeks the bubble reputation, e'en at the Cannon's  
 mouth.  
 Then comes the Justice, not that one of ours  
 Who recently addressed the jury for twelve hours.  
 The next act shifts—then comes that arch buffoon,  
 The back-bent "lean and slippered pantaloon ;"  
 And last the stupid, childish, pevish, poor old man,  
 To get at whom through all the list I ran.  
 Because old Shakespeare clearly had in view,  
 When writing this no other man but you.

COCOA. Cease boy ! You add to my parental cares—Sir,  
 And you his heir ! (*pulling CHOCOLATE's whiskers*)  
 Why give yourself these *hairs* sir ?  
 These wh'skers ill become your youthful cheek,  
 Come, pray explain this last and maddest freak.

CHOCOLATE. Well Pa ! I thought as I was *heir apparent*  
 'Twas right that there should be some *hair apparent* ;  
 So to a Barber's shop I did repair,  
 And bought a pair of whiskers, here they 'air !  
 But I say gaffer, treat us to the show !

COCOA. After your conduct, most distinctly no !

CHOCOLATE. I've done it.  
 (*humbly*) Pa ! I grieve I should thus tease you,  
 But there's one certain way I know to please you ;  
 My dearest daddy, would you kindly sing ?  
 (*Aside*) I've got some cotton wool that's ole good thing.  
 (*Puts cotton wool in both ears.*)



COCOA. My boy, you know I never can your wants refuse,  
I am so key-ind. Awake my slumbering muse !

*Enter PONGO and MUNGO.*

PONGO (*horror-stricken*) He's going to sing !!!

COCOA. (*blandly*) I'm going to sing.

PONGO. (*languidly*) So glad !!!

MUNGO. So glad ? I have it. Sir, I fear its rude,  
Upon your privacy thus to intrude,  
I'm off. (*prepares to go.*)

COCOA. Pray don't begone—the night's before us,  
But rather stay and help us with the chorus ?  
I'll treat you to a favourite *opera tune*.

PONGO. That style of thing is scarcely *opera-tune*, (*opportune.*)

COCOA. To waste my sweetness on them 'twere a pity,  
I'll treat them to a most mendacious ditty.

SONG.—COCOANIB.

“A Song of Promises,” (from the Comic Opera, ‘Don Quixote.’)

Such a Song of Promises, I'm about to sing,  
Whether they'll be carried out is quite another thing ;  
Others may excel me in the things they undertake,  
But I can quite eclipse them, with the promises I make ;  
You must be content, if they fail as things will do,  
For I shall promise such delights that never can come true.  
Such a song of promises on my word rely,  
Blessings, boons, gratuities, are coming by and bye ;  
Very few executives to rule such pleasures bring,  
Such a very perfect Prince is fit to be a King.

CHORUS—Such a very perfect Prince,  
Is fit to be a King.

To make the place an Eden, I will all your wages raise,  
I'll make a law to cancel debts, and fine the one who pays :  
I give my word to take the tax off sugar, rum and tea,  
I'll lower all your parish rates, and you shall live rent free,  
I'll promise to abolish work, that all may take their ease,  
And life shall be one round of rinks, tea fights and spelling bees.  
Such a Song of promises, etc., (*as before.*)

CHORUS—Such a very perfect Prince,  
Is fit to be a King.

Domestic life will blissful be, with flour one S. per stun,  
And Wallsend coals delivered free for half-a-crown a ton ;  
I'll promise women all their rights, redress for all their wrongs,  
And all the men exemption from the clatter of their tongues ;  
I promise wives shall have their way, mates docile dumb as mice,  
And all the husband's latch keys, with divorces at half price.  
Such a Song of promises, etc., (*as before.*)

CHORUS—Such a very perfect Prince,  
Is fit to be a King.

I'll promise peace and quietness as long as here I reign,  
 I'll do away with toothache, measles, every kind of pain ;  
 Dentists, doctors, lawyers, I will banish into space,  
 And cut off every woman's head who wears an ugly face ;  
 I promise peacefully to guide this fine old craft, the realm,  
 If you'll place full reliance in the man that's at the helm.  
 Such a Song of promises, etc., (*as before.*)

CHORUS—Such a very perfect Prince,  
 Is fit to be a King.

I'll promise such a ministry, as yet you never saw,  
 And oh ! such Acts of Parliament, without a single flaw ;  
 The loveliest of interest, for all your money lent,  
 With foreign bonds and loans, and stocks at ninety-five per cent,  
 'Gainst foreign foul atrocities I promise you to fight,  
 But, I will not be humbug'd by the Turk or Muscovite.  
 Sing a Song of promises, etc., (*as before.*)

CHORUS—Such a very perfect Prince,  
 Is fit to be a King.

*At conclusion of Song COCOANIB and CHOCOLATE dance off B.*

PONGO. The Show is stupid and its quite against our laws  
 To visit Entertainments where they bring their squaws;  
 We are a sect devoid of ceremonial,  
 With but one creed—the Anti-matrimonial,  
 A set of Bachelors.

MUNGO. *A Batch o' laws,*  
 Composed for female tyranny, is full of flaws,  
 Foremost of which, I place the Mother-in-laws !

PONGO. True, Mungo, true, we have no ties to bind us,  
 All household rules and cares we leave behind us.  
 To race or pic-nic daily we repair,  
 And at a pinch we're not above a Fair.

GUAVA JELLY, *who has entered unobserved, advancing.*

(*log*) Well, what of that, we lead the self-same lives ?

MUNGO. You do—attended always by your wives !

GUAVA. To overlook that solemn fact 'twere wrong,  
 I'll tell you all about it in a Song.

SONG.\*

“ He always came home to tea.”

A married man, I never can,  
 Wherever I may be,  
 On any day, be far away,  
 I must always come home to tea !

\* *Introduced and sung by kind permission of Mr. J. L. TOOLE. The Music (with the original words) is published by MESSRS. J. B. CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent Street, W.*

Too sad it is yet true, whatever I may do,  
 Or wherever I may be,  
 In India or China, or in South Carolina,  
 I must always come home to tea.

*Chorus* { I } must always come home to tea  
                   { He }  
                   Wherever { I } may be,  
                                   { He }  
                   { I'm } under a ban,  
                   { He's }  
                   For a married man  
                   Must always come home to tea.

On the Derby Day, I take my way,  
 To Epsom Downs for a spree,  
 But when the race is done,  
 Away I quickly run,  
 For I must go home to tea.  
 When at a garden Fête,  
 I say, "Its getting late,  
 And you really must excuse me."  
 "Do stay a little while,"  
 Says my hostess with a smile,  
 But—I always go home to tea!

*Chorus.*

Once I was axed to Hawarden,  
 To a Party in the garden,  
 To assist in demolishing a tree ;  
 Said Gladstone, with a frown,  
 "The tree will soon be down ;"  
 But as usual I went home to tea !  
 I was asked to stand  
 For South Shropshire—and  
 They promised me their member I should be,  
 But through my mind came flitting,  
 An afternoon sitting,  
 When I could'nt well go home to tea.

*Chorus.*

I expressed myself indebted  
 To them, and much regretted  
 That I could not become their M.P. ;  
 But I promised them to wait on  
 My friend Sir Baldwin Leighton,  
 Directly I had had a cup of tea.  
 He heard what I'd to say,  
 Then promised me straightway,  
 That he himself would stand instead of me.

*(looks at watch.)*

You'll excuse me, I am sure,  
 If I don't sing any more,  
 For I find its just exactly time for tea

*Chorus and exit GUAVA rapidly*

MUNGO. Gone home to tea. I pity him—the fun  
Of this May-fair has hardly yet begun.

PONGO. Ah ! there he goes—but who is this who comes ?  
A maiden, fair to view.

*(Drums beat inside Show.)*

Confound those drums.

*Chorus heard off*

Oh, Emma, Wo Emma,  
Emma you're in a nice dilemma ;  
Oh Emma, Wo Emma,  
Whatever in the world will Emma do.

MUNGO. List ! ah, list ! 'tis music stealing,

PONGO. Someone's presence near revealing.

*Chorus repeated.*

Oh, Emma, Wo Emma, &c.

*Enter EMMA. PONGO and MUNGO retire up B. unobserved.*

EMMA. What shall I do ? its awful lonely here,  
I hav'nt seen a soul ; and yet its queer,  
If human voices then I did not hear !

*(Searches Stage. PONGO and MUNGO temporarily disappear.*

*R. GUAVA appears watching L.*

*Emma sits down.*

*(loq.)* Oh, Billin'sgate ! O Billin'sgate, why did I leave m  
home,  
Across the seas in forren parts, with my own Jack to  
roam.  
We married wos, and then it well to sail with him I  
thought.  
Cos why ? I'd heard that sailors find a love in every  
port.

*(weeping)* Poor Jack !

For three long months the sea were calm—the weather  
were delightful ;  
All of a sudding rose the wind and roared and bellowed  
frightful !  
At length we struck a reef, the ship a sinkin' with the  
shock,  
And Jack and me we found ourselves a stickin' to a rock,  
A big wave come—Says Jack to me—his arm from mine  
unlinking,  
As swiftly towards the shore he swum—"good-bye, my  
dear—you're sinking."  
I war'nt, and so I thought I'd try and reach this  
blessed island,



And clinging to a spar was washed all safe and sound  
on dry land;

And as for Jack—poor boy, he wor of all men most  
delicious,—

*(In broken accents.)* He's gone below, to live along with all the little  
fishes!

*(weeping.)* Poor Jack!

GUAVA. *(aside)* A stranger here, a woman, and so fair,  
What eyes, what nose, and oh! what lovely hair.  
Ha, ha! methinks I'll make love to this lady,  
I hope my squaw's not near—she'd think it shady.

*(aloud, affectedly.)* Most beauteous creature

EMMA. Thanks, you need'nt stay,  
We really don't require the sweep to-day.

GUAVA. The swe - e - e - e - ep!!!  
*(With dignity.)* I am the Prince, ma'am, of Caraccas.

EMMA. A Prince, Prince of Caraccas, come, no *crackers*.

GUAVA. She doubts my word, my pasteboard I will proffer.  
Allow me, ma'am, to you my card to offer.  
*(hands huge card.)*

Your name is?

EMMA. Emma, of the British nation.

PONGO *(aside)*. A most delightful case of *Emma*-gration.

GUAVA. Thrice welcome, ma'am, to Cocoatina's shore.

MUNGO. He's gaining ground, let's go and tell his squaw.  
*(Exeunt Pongo and Mungo.)*

GUAVA. I heard your story with the greatest grief,  
Such woes as yours, I fear, are past relief.  
Yet fain would I your sorrow be assuaging.

EMMA. Delightful man, he's really quite engaging!

GUAVA. She smiles! I'm clearly making an impression,  
Soon of her heart I'll take complete possession.

EMMA. Is that a parasol? If so, expand it,  
The sun is quite too hot, I cannot stand it.

GUAVA. With pleasure, ma'am. *(opens huge carriage umbrella.)*  
You're tired, pray be seated. *(they sit.)*

EMMA. She sits, my conquest soon will be completed.  
P'raps he's a cannibal, and glad to meet me,  
Because he's hungry, and he wants to eat me.  
I'll test him. Sir, my rudeness, pray excuse it,  
I want some dinner, and I'd like to choose it.  
What can I have?

GUAVA *(producing bill of fare)*. To-day our bill of fare  
Consists of rice, boiled monkey, leg of bear,  
Whale soup, fried snakes, snail sauce, and stewed gorilla,  
With pumpkin pudding à la Maryvilla.

EMMA (*much relieved*). Boiled monkey, but no man !  
(*aloud*) Ah ! that's the style.  
 Delightful dinner, but I'll wait awhile.

GUAVA. The time is precious, I must make the running,  
Emma, you'll find this island quite too stunning,  
The climate most salubrious—and in me  
A most devoted slave, I pray you see.

EMMA. Young man, why don't you come a little nearer?

(Enter Cayenna unobserved, ushered in by Pongo and Mungo.)

GUAVA. O than my wife to me she is far dearer.  
(*He sees Cayenna.*)

EMMA. I said come nearer. How is this? Why tarry you?  
I rather like you, and I'm going to marry you.  
What's this? You hide your face, and how you tremble.

GUAVA. Hush! Don't you see her?  
(*imploringly*). I say, *do* dissemble.  
(*She sees Cayenna.*)

EMMA. A charming lady, charmingly arrayed too.  
Why don't you introduce me?

PONGO (*aside*). He's afraid to !

CAYENNA. Now, Jella-Coffee, come to me this minnit,  
To court and flirt, how dare you, sir, begin it,  
A making love to this unknown *sea-creetur*.

PONGO (*aside*). Ah ! happy thought. Why didn't he *secrete* 'er.

CAYENNA. Pray did you know ma'am, that he'd got a wife?

EMMA. No, really now, I did'nt, 'pon my life.

CAYENNA. False man, your baseness I can scarce believe it,  
My tender, loving heart, thus to deceive it.

EMMA. I don't feel angry—p'raps I'd better feign it.  
Aha ! my rage, ma'am, I can scarce contain it.

COCOANIB (*entering*). • *log.* What's all this noise about, and who's  
this stranger?

GUAVA. From my fond love they've managed to *astrange* 'er.

COCOA. You all know 'tis my province in this state,  
On every matter to adjudicate.  
(To Cayenna). State thou thy grievance.

CAYENNA.                               Sire, this wicked man  
From me, his lawful spouse, away he ran,  
My *headache's* quite—I've worked without cessation.



COCOA. Precisely a domestic *headache-ation*.

CAYENNA (*screeching*). But for the wretch I'll work no longer. He  
Is false, is false, is false, he's false to me.  
I caught him, saw him, even heard him say  
He loved another.

COCOA. In a general way  
The circumstance would warrant a divorce,  
But when one comes to think of it, of course  
'Twould be absurdly wrong a man to fetter  
With one girl, when he love's another better.

PONGO. I have no fetters, and hereby agree,  
To take this girl my wedded wife to be.  
I offer her myself, my *purse an' all*,  
She *is* so handsome.

EMMA. Don't be *personal*.

COCOA. You may consider, sir, your proposition carried.  
And you consider, ma'am, yourself as married.  
Come, friends, we've settled that, so now we'll go  
Back to the great performance in the show.

(*Chorus heard off*).

Oh, Emma! wo Emma! you're helped out of your dilemma.  
Oh, Emma! wo Emma! good bye, Emma, now you'll do.

[*Exeunt all but EMMA and PONGO.*]

PONGO. Now we're alone—my voice, love, you shall hear,  
“Bid me discourse, I will delight thine ear.”

EMMA. “Sing, birdie, sing, and let thy song”  
Be to the point and not too long.

### TOPICAL SONG.

“I haven't the slightest idea.”

A song I will sing you, a topical song,  
Of all that's going on in Bridgnorth;  
Many true things in jest, they say are expressed,  
So my burden I'll straightway pour forth.  
All our dear little children must now go to school,  
Or their parents will catch it, I fear;  
There'll be plenty of scholars, but where they'll get dollars  
I haven't the slightest idea!!!

And talking of schools, there's the cookery school,  
 Where its wonderful what you may learn;  
 They will teach you to bake—such nice pastry to make,  
 And how to fry soles to a turn.  
 Whilst for sixpence they'll teach a poor man how to live,  
 And grow fat upon nothing a year!  
 But what mortal would dare, to eat what they prepare  
 I haven't the slightest idea!!!

A very old adage recurs to my mind,  
 "If it rains it is certain to pour;"  
 As an instance of which, *auctioneers* in Bridgnorth,  
 Might aptly be quoted, I'm sure.  
 Well, the trade must pay well, and I wish them success,  
 With a prosperous happy New Year;  
 The hammer they rattle, but how to sell cattle  
 They haven't the slightest idea!!!

Now before we'd a railway at all in Bridgnorth,  
 We could travel—oh quicker by far!  
 So a representation, our good corporation  
 Made to the G. W. R.  
 The result of all this is the "limited mail,"  
 Which has ne'er brought a passenger here;  
 What, after this fuss, could be *less* nor to us,  
 I haven't the slightest idea!!!

(Other topical verses *ad libitum*.)

(*At conclusion of song they dance off.*)

PICALILI *appears at door of show.*

(*log.*) Now gents, no crowding, please come this way out,  
 Hope you've enjoyed yourselves.  
 (CHOCOLATE *pushes against him*). Here, what y'e 'bout?

CHOCOLATE. Well, where were you a shovin', come now, stow it,  
 You'd best leave me alone, sir, or you'll know it.  
 D'ye want to fight?

COCOANIB. Now don't, my boy—you'll rue it,  
 Besides, its vulgar.

GUAVA JELLY. 'Taint, sir! They all do it.

SONG.—GUAVA JELLY.

“They all do it.”

You tell me it's not right, to have a stand-up fight,  
But there I must join issue, sir, with you;  
When two nations disagree, you will very quickly see,  
The line of action that they will pursue.  
The Russian bear's at war, as he's often been before,  
And Turkey, pr'aps, a lesson may be taught:  
But if you asked them why they're fighting, their reply,  
I fancy would be something of this sort.

*Chorus.*

They all do it, they all do it,  
They all do it, though oftentimes they rue it,  
They all do it, they all do it,  
And so it will continue to the end of the world.

When we wished to catch a thief, it was always our belief,  
That detectives were the proper men to take,  
But not, alas, we find, in a matter of this kind,  
If we did that we should make a sad mistake.  
In a recent trial we another instance see,  
How our confidence may oftentimes be abused,  
And perhaps if we should seek, a reason for their freak,  
On these grounds alone they'd ask to be excused.

*Chorus.*

They all do it, they all do it,  
They all do it, though oftentimes they rue it,  
They all do it, they all do it,  
And so it will continue to the end of the world.

They thought an obelisk, without the slightest risk,  
From one country to another to transplant;  
So Cleopatra's Needle, they've done their best to wheedle  
Across the Bay of Biscay—but they can't.  
However, there's no haste, no money need we waste,  
It's missed the sea, but for it above ground  
No place is yet assigned. Why do they change their mind  
So oft? in this the reason may be found.

*Chorus.*

They all do it, they all do it,  
They all do it, though oftentimes they rue it,  
They all do it, they all do it,  
And so it will continue to the end of the world.

Cocoa. They ought'nt too then. Ah! who comes this way?  
The happy lovers. Hip, hip, hip, hurray!

Pongo. My dear, they cheer us.

- EMMA. Stay, my love, 'tis I,  
Who's duty 'tis in these days to reply.  
In politics we have our shining lights,  
And I'm an advocate of women's rights.  
My friends.
- PONGO. My friends.
- EMMA. I'm glad.
- PONGO. I'm glad.
- BOTH. We're glad you like us.
- EMMA. But as for you—well, really, friends, you strike us  
As most peculiar people.
- PONGO. Don't be rude, dear.
- EMMA. We've said enough, come on, I'm nearly stewed here.
- COCOA. Here Picalili, here, you're used to shouting,  
My Royal Proclamation quick be flouting
- PICALILI. Walk up, walk up, walk up, walk up, walk up,  
(*Beats drum.*)  
(*reads.*) All men who dwell in Cocoatina heed,  
Our Royal Proclamation. 'Tis decreed  
By us, your Sovereign Monarch, that the Prince  
Of Maryvilla, Pongo Pacha, since  
He loves this maiden, straightway shall espouse her.  
(*Emma is dosing.*)
- COCOA. She's gone to sleep, (*to CHOCOLATE*) my boy, take steps  
to rouse her.
- CHOCOLATE. All right governor! (*Singing discordantly.*)  
"If thou art sleeping fair maiden awake,"  
Stop, I'll begin again, there's some mistake.
- EMMA. O don't boy, don't, you're singing's quite too horrid.
- CHOCOLATE. Why don't you wake then?  
(*to COCOANIB.*) Sire, she is restorrid!
- COCOA. Resume!
- PICALILI (*resumes*) And since delay to our mind is abhorrent,  
We hereby give our Royal peculiar warrant,  
Wherein it is our pleasure to decree.  
Forthwith our Notary shall summoned be,  
And that the marriage as is hereby stated,  
This very instant shall be celebrated.
- COCOA. Summon our Notary.

*Picalili goes to door R.*

(*loq.*) Walk up, walk up, walk up, walk up, walk up.



*Enter* NOTARY. *Sits at table and reads paper.*

NOTARY. Lest in this marriage there should be a (CHOCOLATE  
*removes his chair as he is about to sit—on resuming his*  
*seat he proceeds with his speech*) flaw, Sir,  
'Tis right this lady should be told our law, Sir,  
Namely, that if the wife her spouse survive,  
But one short week she shall remain alive,  
And then shall give a proof of her devotion,  
By draining to the dregs a deadly potion.

CHORUS OMNES.

Oh Emma, Wo Emma, you are in a nice dilemma,  
Oh Emma, Wo Emma, I would rather not be you.

NOTARY. Your signature alone we now require,  
Quick! sign it! (*Enter Jack.*)

JACK (*advancing*) Nonsense, put it in the fire.  
(*Emma rushes to Jack and they embrace.*)

EMMA. Oh Jack! my Jack! I'm sure I thought you drowned,  
And pictured you by mermaids all surrounded.  
(*To Pongo.*)  
I say old man, cheer up, I'm going to leave you,  
I had'n't no intentions to deceive you,  
'This is my one, my only hubby, he  
I really thought were miles below the sea,  
But since I find he ain't, though I'm your debtor,  
I'll say good bye, because I like him better.

PONGO. Pray don't apologize, no doubt you do,  
Whilst I am getting rather tired of you.

MUNGO. Pongo, my boy, you've made a sad mistake.

PONGO. I have, but never more will I forsake  
Our code of laws—the Anti-matrimonial.

PICALILI. So there's an end of this 'ere ceremonial.

EMMA. And end of this performance—right yer are,  
I don't mind *pitch*—but I prefer a *tar*,

JACK. Good bye, my friends, a British Ship's in sight,  
So we'll retire a wishing you good night.

COCOA. Good bye—ah! by the bye, I wish you'd mention  
When you get back—we need no intervention;  
Be good enough to say 'twould really vex us,  
If like the Transvaal England should annex us.

PONGO (*to JACK*) That there is no ill feeling, just to show,  
Suppose you sing a song before you go.

JACK. All right. To howl to you I'm pleased enough,  
I'll sing the farewell song of "Captain Bluff."

## WIND-UP SONG &amp; CHORUS.

“ Captain Bluff.”

CAPT. BLUFF. Some folks go in for whiskers—they  
Are such conceited dogs,

MUNGO. Some fellows have a weakness for  
The most outrageous togs ;

CAPT. BLUFF. But I'm a jolly British Tar,  
And wouldn't give a dollar,  
For life without a blue serge suit  
And broad expanse of collar.

*Chorus—*

Captain Bluff, Captain Bluff, you can tell me by my  
collar,  
Captain Bluff, Captain Bluff, the boys all shout and  
holler ;  
The ladies they all say—Ah see who comes this way,  
With a hey—ay—clear the way, for here comes  
Captain Bluff.

CAPT. BLUFF. Sometimes rude people laugh at me  
As down the street I pass,

MUNGO. I'm really not a bit surprised  
You *do* look such an ass;

CAPT. BLUFF. And lots of vulgar little boys,  
They know me well enough,  
And oft salute me in the street,  
With “ What cheer Capting Bluff.”

*Chorus—*Capting Bluff, Capting Bluff,  
etc., (*as before.*)

CAPT. BLUFF. With every eye upon me,  
Through life I'll gaily go,

MUNGO. Dear me, that's most remarkable,  
You really don't say so.

CAPT. BLUFF. Should the glory of my collar  
Be ever gone and fled.  
You'll know that Captain Bluff's gone wrong,  
Or that his tailor's dead.

*Chorus—*Captain Bluff, Captain Bluff,  
etc., (*as before.*)

C U R T A I N .









